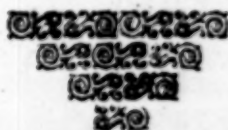


THE  
Spanish Wives.  
A  
FARCE,

As it was Acted by  
His MAJESTY's Servants,  
AT THE  
THEATRE in *Dorset-Garden*.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for R. Wellington, at the Sign of the *Lu'e* in  
*St. Paul's Church yard*, 1696.

✂ *Ovid Travestie*: A Burlesque upon *Ovid's* Epistles: The  
Third Edition, enlarged with Ten Epistles never be-  
fore printed; by Capt. *Alex. Radcliff*, of *Grays-Inn*.  
Sold by R. Wellington in *St. Paul's Church-yard*.

THE

Spanish Wives

FARCE.

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

PERFORMED

ON

FRIDAY

EVENING

LONDON.

Printed for R. W. Johnson, at the Theatre Royal, Strand.

Price 1s. 6d. per copy. A single copy of the play may be had of the Theatre Royal, Strand, or of any of the Booksellers in London. The play is now being performed by the Theatre Royal, Strand, and is highly recommended by the public.

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To the Honourable,  
Colonel T I P P I N G,  
O F  
W H I T F I E L D.

S I R,

**Y** O U may please to remember,  
when I had the Honour to be  
in your Company last, at *Soun-*  
*deffs* ; part of our Discourse was upon  
*Dedications*. I believe you did not then  
apprehend the Danger so near. But, this  
Play being kindly receiv'd by the *Audi-*  
*ence* ; I hope it will not meet with a worse  
Fate, when it claims your Protection.  
You have known me from my Childhood,  
and my *Inclination to Poetry* ; and 'tis from

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

the Happiness of that Acquaintance, I presume to make so Worthless an Offering. This also, joyn'd with your Good Humour, secures me from the Severity of your *Judgment*, which gives you Power to be the greatest of Criticks. I need not tell *England*, how much you have always Serv'd your *Country*; since that would be like Proclaiming it to be Light at Noon-day. I know, all Witty Men, especially your self, hate any thing, that tends towards *Flattery*; therefore I shall only in Sincerity tell you: I am,

S I R,

Your very Humble, and

most Obliged Servant,

MARY PIX.

PRO.



# PROLOGUE

Spoken by

Mr. Penkethman, in a Press-master's Habit.

W<sup>H</sup>at Chear, my Lads? I gad, I'm come to say,  
I'll press to Sea all those who Durn this Play:  
Lord! how our Ship might here be Mann'd to day!  
Sea-fights, 'tis thought, won't much force with those  
Whom they call Wits, and less with Meaty Beaus.  
Mayhaps 'twou'd make them stink; for, every Tear,  
We don't go to drink Punch, and take French Air.  
But sure, the Gentlewomen are at rest,  
None of them are afraid of being Press'd,  
Well, how's the Wind here? Still that's veering round,  
Like your Church-Weathercocks, on English Ground,  
Then hiss it goes; Oh, that's a plaguy Sound:  
I gad, 'tis worse to every Actor's Ear,  
Than Frets of Wind to your huge Mops of Hair.  
For thus your Cri— Criticks serve Nine Plays in Ten,  
Worse than Jack Frenchman does our Merchant-men.  
Like Pyrates too, while honest men they're breaking,  
The damn'd Fresh-water Sharks are n't worth the taking:  
Yet long to maul these same New Plays as much  
As we, when Homeward bound, to take a Touch;  
Or, as Dubart, to snap his Brother Dutch.  
Yet why shou'd they Hiss Plays not worth regarding?  
Do we Bombard a Town not worth Bombarding?  
Drolls shortly will amuse ye at the Fair:  
To like This, think your selves already there.  
As for you Spruce Gallants, pray be n't too nice,  
But shew you can Oblige a Woman twice.  
The First Time she was grave, as well she might,  
For Women will be damn'd sullen the first Night;  
But faith, they'l quickly mend, so be n't uneasy:  
To Night she's brisk, and trys New Tricks to please ye.

# EPITOLIQUE

Spoken by Mrs. Verbruggen.

OUR Author, by me, puts up her humble Pray'r,  
This Farce, this Trifle of a Play, you'll spare.  
I'll try your good Nature : But, oh ! I fear  
You are not like my fond Old Husband here.  
Then, first, my Character who will admire ?  
Some will think it too cold ; others, too full of Fire.  
I dare swear every Spark here will say,  
Damn it, that Cursed Bank has spoil'd the Play.  
Then the Ladies my Staggering won't allow,  
They'll cry, Where's her strict Rules of Virtue now ?  
But the Ladies are not so ignorant : All know  
The Difference 'twixt a Spanish Husband, and a Bean.  
With Submission our Author still appears ;  
Courts your Indulgence, and your Judgment fears ;  
Lives on your Smiles, and at your Frowns despairs. }

THE

# The ACTORS Names.

Governor of *Barcelona*. { A merry old Lord, that has travel'd, and gives his  
Wife more Liberty than is usual in *Spain*.

Marquess of *Moncada*. { A Jealous Lord, Guest to the Governor.

*Camillus*. { A *Roman* Count, following the Marquess's Lady, as  
contracted to her before.

Colonel *Peregrine*. { An *English* Colonel.

Friar *Andrew*. { One that attends the Count.

*Hidewell*. { Retain'd by the Count.

*Diego*. { Servant to the Governor.

# The WOMEN.

The Governor's Lady. { A brisk and airy Lady.

*Elenora*. { Wife to the Marquess.

*Spywell*. { Woman to the Governor's Lady,

*Orada*. { Woman to *Elenora*.

SCENE, *Barcelona*.

# The ACTORS Names.

Governor of A merry old Lord, that has married, and gives his  
 daughters. { We have more Liberty than a usual in Spain.

the wife of { A jealous Lord, Gave to the Governor.

{ A Spanish Count, following the Marquis's Lady, as  
 contrasted to her father.

Colonel { An English Colonel.

{ One that attends the Count.

{ Retained by the Count.

{ Sent to the Governor.

# The WOMEN.

The Countess { A Irish and my Lady.

{ Wife to the Marquis.

{ Woman to the Governor's Lady.

{ Woman to Elvira.

# SCENE, Barcellona.

T H E  
Spanish Wives, &c.

A C T I.

*Enter the Governour of Barcellona, and the Marques  
of Moncada.*

*Govern.* **P**Rithee, my Lord Marques, don't trouble me with thy Jealous Whims: You say, there was Masqueraders last Night under the Windows, — why there let 'em be a God's Name! I am sorry 'twas such a cold raw Night for the honest Lads. By the Honour of *Spain*, if I had heard 'em, I wou'd ha' sent the Rogues a Glaſs of *Malaga* to warm 'em.

*Marques.* O Lard! O Lard! I shall run mad! Sure, my Lord Governor, your Horns will exceed the largest in the Palace-Hall. — Oh! that my Wife were out of your House, and *Barcellona*! Methinks I am not secure, tho' she's under eleven Locks.

*Gov.* By my Holy Dame, I am of your Mind: I don't think you are secure.

*Marq.* How! Do you know any thing to the contrary?

B

*Gov.*

## The Spanish Wives.

*Gov.* Why, by th' Mafs, this I believe : her Head's at work ;  
And I dare fay, ſhe has made ye a Cuckold,  
In Imagination, with every Don ſhe has thro'  
Any Peep-hole ſeen, ſince your firſt Marriage.

*Marg.* Oh ! dam' her ! dam' her !

*Gov.* You'll never take my Advice.

*Sings.] — Give but a Woman her Freedom ſtill,  
Then ſhe'll never act what's ill :*

*'Tis croſſing her, makes her have the Will.*

— Though ! I have been in England —

There they are the happieſt Huſbands —

If a Man does happen to be a Cuckold,

Which, by the way, is almoſt as rare as in Spain :

But, I ſay, if it does fall out, all his Wife's Friends

Are his ; and he's careſs'd, — nay, Godſzooks, many times  
Riſes to his Preferment by it.

*Marg.* Oh, inſufferable ! I am not able to bear your Di-  
ſcourſe.

*Enter a Country Fellow.*

— A Man coming from my Wife's Apartments !

— Oh, the Devil ! the Devil !

*Gov.* I ſee no cloven Foot he has.

*Marg.* No ; but he is one of his Imps ; a Letter-Carrier.  
I read it in his Face.

*Gov.* Oh ! I begin to perceive it now, — here's the  
Superſcription writ in his Forehead : — *To the  
Beauteous Donna Elenora, Marchionefs*

*Of, &c.* Ay, 'tis very plain.

*Marg.* Well, Governor, theſe Jeers won't be put up ſo.

*Country Fellow.* What a wannionails ye, trow ? What do  
ye mean by Letters ? Ich am no Schollard ; my Calling is to  
zell Fruit ; and zum o' the Meads o' this Hauſe ( Meads Ich  
think 'em ) beckon'd me in ; — I zould 'em zum ; and  
that's all I know.

*Gov.*

## *The Spanish Wives.*

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*Gov.* Ay, honest Fellow, I dare swear 'tis: — why, if thou wert a Monkey, he'd be Jealous on thee.

*Marq.* You may think what you please, but I fear other things. Therefore, if, as a Guest, you will let me have The Freedom of your House, I'll take This Fellow in, and search him.

*Gov.* Ay, with all my Heart. — Oh these Jealous Fools!

*[Aside.]*

*Marq.* Come along, firrah; I'll look as much as in thy Mouth.

*Gov.* Ay, for fear there should be a Note in a hollow Tooth.

*Count. Fellow.* Why, — de ye zee, as for matter o' that, — ye ma' look in my A —

*Gov.* Hold, Beast, 'tis a Man of Quality you speak to.

*Count. Fell.* Zooks, I think 'tis a Mad-man.

*Marq.* Come your ways, Impudence!

*Count. Fell.* But, Sir, Sir, — must the Meads zerch me, or the Men?

*Marq.* I'll tell you presently, ye wanton Rogue.

*[Exit. driving him before him.]*

*Enter the Governor's Lady.*

*Gov.* How now, *Tittup*?

*Lady.* Morrow, *Deary*.

*Gov.* Why, *Tittup*, here the Marquefs has been fretting, Fuming, swearing, raging: he is just Horn-mad —  
*Heark ye, Tittup*, did you hear any Serenading last night?

*Lady.* Yes, *Deary*; 'twas the *English* Collonel to me; —  
You are not angry, *Deary*.

*Gov.* Not I.

*Sings.*

*He that has a handsom buxom Wife,*

*Must surely be always pleased;*

*Blest with a pleasant quiet life,*

*And never, never teased.*

B 2

But



*The Spanish Wives.*

But heark ye, *Tittup*, that *English* Collonel  
Has such a Lear, such a Tongue, such a Nose,  
Such a — have a care on him, *Tittup*.

*Lady*. I warrant ye, *Deary*, the honest Freedom you allow  
Is sufficient: I'll never go farther.

You know, he dines here to day, and brings  
His Musick to entertain us in the Afternoon.

*Gov*. Yes, yes; I must dispatch some business,  
To be ready to receive him, — B'w'ye *Tittup*!

*Lady*. B'w'ye, *Deary*: Buss, before ye go. —

*Gov*. (*Kisses her*) A pies! a pies! your Kisses glow! Fie,  
fie! I don't love ye. *Exit. laughing.*

*Lady*. 'Tis my Collonel, my *Peregrine*, sets my Heart on fire;  
And gives that warmth, my old Husband found  
Upon my Lips. — But then such a Husband, —  
So good, so honest, preventing every Wish. —

— Then such a Collonel, so handsome, so young.  
So charming, — Where's the Harm to give a Worthy  
Begging Stranger a little Charity from a Love's Store,  
When the kind old Governor can never never miss it?

*Exit.*

## SCENE, a Palace.

*Enter Count Camillus, and Friar Andrew.*

*Friar*. Well, my Lord! now we are come to *Barcellona*,  
I fear this Devil of a Marquess will be too hard for us.

*Camil*. How, Father *Andrew*, desponding! — 'Twas but  
this Morning, over your *Malaga*, you swore by the Eleven  
Thousand Virgins, and all your Catalogue of Saints, you'd  
bring my *Elenora* to my Arms.

*Friar*. And by Fifty Thousand more, so I will, if it be pos-  
sible: If not, my Oath is void: You know the Marquess hates  
me heartily, as I do him, because once he caught me carrying  
your Letter to his Wife.

*Cam.*



*The Spanish Wives.*

5

*Cam.* For the good Office, I think, us'd ye most scurvily.

*Friar.* Scurvily! basely, barbarously; without respect to these sacred Robes; toss'd me in a Blanket; cover'd me with Filth and Dust; and so sent me by force to our Covent. For which, and my natural Inclination to Cuckoldom, I have joyn'd in your Attempts, and waited on you to *Barcelona*, to be reveng'd.

*Cam.* You know there's Justice in my Cause. ———  
*Elenora* was, by Contract, mine, at *Rome*;  
Before this old Marquess had her. And cou'd I agen  
Recover her: I don't question but to get Leave of his Holiness  
For a Divorce, and marry her my self.

*Friar.* Nay, that's as you please; when she's in your possession, marry, or not, 'tis all one to Father *Andrew*; it never shall trouble my Conscience. I must own, were I in your Condition, I should not marry; because daily Experience shows, a Wife's a Cloy, and a Mistress a Pleasure.

*Cam.* Well, we'll discourse that when we have the Lady; and in the mean time, good Father, be diligent.

*Friar.* I think I am diligent; I am sure, I am worn to meer Skin and Bone in your service. This morning I found for ye a Mercury, a Letter-Carrier, that can slip thro' a Key-hole, to deliver a Billetdoux to a fair Lady,

*Cam.* I wish he were return'd; I fear some Misfortune has befallen him.

*Friar.* O! here he comes, sound Wind and Limb!

[Enter *Hidewell* (the Country Fellow before).]

—— So, my dear Tool of Gallantry! how hast thou sped?

*Hidewell.* Gad, the hardest Task I ever undertook. — Sir, you gave me five Ducats, — as I hope for Preferment, and to be made Pimp-master general, it deserves double the Sum.

*Cam.*

*Cam.* Nor shalt thou fail of it, Boy, if thou hast succeeded.

*Hidew.* First then, the damn'd old jealous Marquess caught me, and notwithstanding my counterfeit Speech and Simplicity, had me amongst his Varlets, to be search'd. They knew his Custom, and no sooner enter'd, but they flew upon me like so many Furies: I fear'd it had been to tear me Limb from Limb; but it prov'd only to tear my Clothes off; which was done in a twinkling, and I left as naked as my Mother bore me; whilst the old Marquess grovel'd all over my habiliments, and run Pins in 'em, so thick, that a poor Louse wou'd not have escap'd spitting. The only thing which pleas'd me, was to observe a Peep-hole the *Maids* (knowing this to be their *Master's* Searching-room) had made; and sometimes one Eye, sometimes another, viewing my Proportions.

*Cam.* But had you any Letter? was that safe? Satisfie methere.

*Hidew.* Pray let me take my own method. ———  
Nothing being found, they gave me again my Clothes,  
And the Marquess a Ducat for my Trouble:  
Yet I had a Letter ———

*Cam.* Which thou ingeniously swallow'dst.

*Hidew.* No; which I more ingeniously brought.

*Cam.* What, in thy Hat?

*Hidew.* My Hat had the same severe Tryal.

*Cam.* Thy Shoes ———

*Hidew.* They pass'd the same Scrutiny, — impossible in any of them to hide a Scrip, the least thread of Paper.

*Cam.* How then?

*Hidew.* My Lord, do ye observe this Stick?

*Cam.* (viewing it) Yes; 'tis an honest Crabtree-stick ———  
I see no more in it.

*Friar.* (taking the Stick, and putting on his Spectacles to view it)  
Come, come, let me see it; I can smell out a Note that comes from a fair Hand; ——— By St. Dominick, here's neither Paper nor Writing upon it.

*Hidew.*

## *The Spanish Wives.*

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*Hidden.* Give it me. (*He unscrews the Ferrule at the bottom, takes out the Letter, and gives it to Camillus.*)

*Friar.* Thou dear Abstract of Invention, let me kiss thee.

*Cam.* Excellent *Hidden*! if thou wilt stay with me, whilst I am in *Barcellona*, I'll satisfy thy utmost Wishes.

*Hidden.* Most willingly.

*Cam.* Here Father, here dear Confident! *Orada* writes: That the tormented Marquess has remov'd her From those Apartments that were next the Streets, To some that overlook the Gardens, ——— thither, She says, my *Elenora* would have me come this night; And if they can find a place to 'scape at, Before the Lodgings are better secur'd, they will: If not, we shall hear of them, ——— a gentle Whistle Is the Sign. ——— *Hidden*, you shan't appear in this, Because if seen, you'd be known agen.

*Friar.* Pray let me go: Gad, if the Business should be done Without my Help, I shou'd take it very ill.

*Cam.* Well, well, we'll in, and consider on't. *Exeunt.*

*Scene draws, and discovers the Governor, his Lady, Collonel Peregrine, several Gentlemen and Ladies.*

## A SONG.

I.

**A** Las! when Charming Sylvia's gone,  
I sigh, and think my self undone:  
But when the lovely Nymph is here,  
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve and hope, yet fear.  
Thoughtless of all but her I rove;  
Ah! tell me, is not this to love?

*Ab*

# The Spanish Wives.

## II.

Ah me! what Power can move me so?  
 I dye with Grief when she must go;  
 But I revolve at her return;  
 I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:  
 Transports so sweet, so strong, so new,  
 Say, Can they be to Friendship due?

## III.

Ah! no, 'tis Love, 'tis now too plain,  
 I feel, I feel the pleasing Pain:  
 For, who ever saw bright Sylvia's Eyes,  
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her Prize?  
 Gods! if the Truest must be blest,  
 Oh! let her be by me possesst.

Colonel Peregrine and the Governor's Lady dance; all the Time  
 the Governor cries, —

Ha boy, Tittup!  
 Well done, Tittup!  
 Ha boy, Tittup!

Gov. The Dance done, he goes to her, — You are hot, you  
 are hot Child.

Lady. A little warm.

Gov. Well, Tittup, do but carry thy Body swimmingly,  
 Without tripping, and we'll begin a Reformation  
 In Barcellona, shall thou go thro' Spain, —  
 The Ladies shall live like Cherubims, —  
 But have a care, Tittup, have a care of a faux pas.

Lady. Fear not, Deary.

Gov. Come, now let's sit down, and see the rest perform —  
 Let me have some lively Songs —

[Colonel Peregrine goes to sit next the Governor's Lady.

—Hold, Friend, hold! I have not learnt so much  
 Of your English Fashion yet, to let another man  
 Sit by my Wife, and I decently keep at a distance.

Col. I beg your Pardon, Sir.

Gov.

## The Spanish Wives.

9

Gov. Nay, — no harm; — (*Sings*)

*If an old man has a beauteous Treasure,  
Let her sing, and dance, and laugh without measure,  
And then she'll think of no other Pleasure.*

Col. Your own, Sir?

Gov. Ay, ay Boy; I have a Thousand of 'em  
In a day, *ex tempore*.

Col. Is't possible?

Gov. Come, now I ha' done, do you strike up. —

(*Songs and Dances.*)

*The Musick ended, enter a Servant.*

Serv. My Lord, there is to wait on your Honour, —  
His Excellency the Duke Gonsalvo de Medina, de Sidoni, de —

Gov. Hold, hold, enough, enough, — Where is he?

Serv. In the Hall of Ceremonies.

Gov. Gadso! I must go to him, sit you merry,  
I'll be with you presently. *Exeunt all but Collonel Peregrine,  
the Lady, and Spywell:*

Lady. Spywell, stand at yonder Door, and give me information,  
as soon as ever my Lord comes up the great Stairs.

Spywell. I will, Madam.

Col. My Angel! by Heaven I am raging mad;  
Burnt up with violent Love. — Thy Shape —  
Thy every Motion fires me, — but thy Eyes —  
They set me in a Blaze — Oh! I must dye,  
Unless the Cordial of returning Kindness save me!

Lady. Can you be so Ungenerous to wrong this noble Governor,  
who is so fond of you, and even dotes on me?

Col. He wrong'd thee more, when he condemn'd thy lovely  
Youth to wither'd Sapless Arms. — Can little foolish Tricks  
Of fondness make amends for Extasies, Pantings,  
The Joys unutterable of vigorous Love?

Lady. I must not hear ye.

Col. You must, you must — I'll, kneeling, fix Ten thousand  
Burning Kisses on thy Beauteous Hand;  
And the little wanton God swims and revels in thy spritely Eyes.

C

Lady.

*Lady.* Why am I fasten'd here! — too Rigorous Heaven!  
Take from this wondrous Stranger his Conquering Charms,  
Or give me more Insensibility!

*Enter Spywell.*

*Spyw.* Madam, my Lord's upon the Stairs.

*Lady.* Away, away; mark what I say, and keep up the Discourse.

*Coll.* This is but living upon the Rack;  
You might contrive a better Opportunity.

*Lady.* Peace, and observe. — But are your Ladies then so free  
And yet so innocent in *England*? —

*Gov. (peeping)* — Gadso, — they are together; tho' I  
am not jealous, 'tis convenient to hear a little what their Con-  
versation is.

*Coll.* — Chaster in their Thoughts than your Nuns, yet  
merrier & more frolicksome than your Carnivals.

*Lady.* Very pleasant! just so I wou'd live, — yet  
If a bold encourag'd Wretch once offer'd at my Honour,  
I wou'd not stay to use my Husband's Sword, — but  
With my own Hands stab the vile Presumer.

*Coll.* You need not, Madam, talk of Weapons; your Eyes,  
Tho' they roul in Fire, yet shoot chaste Beams,  
And show your Heart as cold as Ice.

*Gov.* So, so; very, very well, by th' Mass!  
How is't my Ganymede o' the War, who look'st  
Fitter to storm Hearts than Towns. — Yet, igad, you *English* Boys  
Fear not their pretty Faces, but Fight like rugged *Romans*,  
Or the old rough *Gauls*.

*Coll.* You compliment us, my Lord.

*Gov.* No faith, I hate 'em. — Well, *Tittap*, are ye  
almost ready for your Dinner?

*Lady.* When you please, *Deary*.

*Gov.* I warrant the Marquess wou'd not let his Wife dine  
with us for the King of *Spain's* next Plate-Fleet.

*Lady,*



## The Spanish Wives.

II

*Lady.* He has let me see her but once; — when I offer'd it again, he plainly told me, my Company was unfit for her: — rude Brute!

*Coll.* To us who have been bred otherwise it seems a Miracle, That men can be so barbarous to the Fair Sex.

*Gov.* But I'll set 'em an Example, if *Tittup* holds her Ground.

— Come along — (*Sings.*)

*Merrily, merrily let's pass our Time,*

*In Freedom, Joy and Plenty:*

*At Sixty appear but in our Prime,*

*Whilst the Thinking Sor is old at Twenty.*

*Exeunt.*

---

## ACT II.

### SCENE, a Chamber.

*Enter Elenora Marchioness of Moncada, and Orada.*

*Elen.* Dost think the Messenger got off, *Orada*?

*Or.* Faith I know not, Madam, — I thought I heard the Marquess's Voice as he went out. — The Fellow seem'd very cunning. —

*Elen.* All his Policy but little would avail him, If my Husband met him, — by Heaven 'Tis kindly done of Count *Camillus*, to leave his Wealth, His Palaces, and all the Pleasures of delightful *Rome*, To follow wretched me to *Barcellona*. I am a thing accurs'd by cruel Guardians, For my Parents dy'd when I was young; they wou'd not else Sure have forc'd me, condemn'd to an old jealous Madman. — I saw his Follies and his Humors, and I begg'd,

C 2

Like

*The Spanish Wives.*

Like a poor Slave, who views the Rack before him, —  
All in vain; they were inexorable. — so may just Heaven  
Prove to them in their greatest need!

*Or.* This is a melancholy Thought, Complaints won't break  
Locks; we must set our Wits at work to free our selves. I  
have search'd the Lodgings round, but there's no Passage; an  
imprison'd Mouse could scarce escape.

*Elen.* But prithee, dear *Orada*, how got you in-favour with  
my Lord? He us'd to hate ye abominably.

*Or.* True; and whilst he did so, it was impossible for me  
To serve your Ladiship. — So I wheel'd about, —  
Rail'd at you and all your Ways most heartily,  
And immediately obtain'd his Grace.

*Elen.* Wou'd that do?

*Or.* Yes, with a bantering Letter I show'd him, pretending  
I had got it from you; and a long Harangue how Wives ought  
to hear with their Husbands Ears, see with their Eyes, and  
make use of no sense without Permission. In fine, I ra-  
vish'd him with my Discourse, till he threw those wither'd  
Sticks, his Arms, about me, and swore I shou'd remain his  
Heart's Joy.

*Elen.* 'Tis a great Point gain'd, you must wheedle him this  
Night with some Story, and keep him in the Closet — whilst  
I watch for *Camillus*, or his Agent.

*Or.* I warrant you, Madam.

*Elen.* *Orada*, get me the Song I love, the succeeding tedious;  
Imprison'd Wretches thus count the succeeding Hours,  
And groan the melancholly Time away.

A SONG.



---

A S O N G.

**B**E gone, be gone, thou Hagg despair ;  
Be gone, back to thy Native Hell :  
Leave the Bosom of the Fair,  
Where only Joy shou'd dwell.  
Or else, with Misers, willing Revels keep ;  
And stretch thy wretched Lids from Sleep.  
But hence be gone, and in thy hated room  
Let Hope, with all its gentle Blessings, come.

(A Noise

*The Spanish Wives.**(A Noise of unlocking Doors.)*

—— So! now my Jaylor comes.

*Or.* Then I'll observe my Cue. —— Come, come Madam, You must not complain. —— Suppose your Husband Kept you in an Oven, or a Cellar, you ought to be content —— I say, —— Wives must submit.

*El.* Hold thy Tongue, Impertinence! —— When you were good for any thing, my Husband Wou'd not let ye come at me: now he has brought you To his turn, I must be perpetually plagu'd with you.

*Enter the Marques.*

*Marq.* You are a perpetual Plague to me, I'm sure —— You hate every body that tells you your Duty.

*El.* Inhuman Spaniard! —— what wouldst thou have? —— Am I not immur'd, buried alive?

*Marq.* Yes, yes; I have your Body, but your Heart is with the young Count *Camillus*. D'ye blush, ye Strumpet, in Imagination! —— Ye *Eve*! *Dalilan* Devil! I'll let out that bounding Blood. —— *Orada* —— get a Surgeon to take away fifty ounces.

*Orad.* My Lord, you are not mad! What! have a Surgeon quiddling her white Arm, and looking Babies in her Eyes!

*El.* Monster! be thy self the Butcher, and let my Heart's Blood out: That Gentleman you nam'd has Honour, Truth, and Virtue.

*Marq.* Thou ly'st, false Women! he's a Rake, a Hellhound, and wallowing now in *Rome's* Brothels.

*Or.* I could contradict him if I durst. *(Aside.)*

*Elen.* *(laughing)* Perhaps so.

*Marq.* D'ye fear, poysonous Witch? I am going to dispatch the last Business that brought me to *Barcellona*. Then, Minion, thou shalt be immur'd in a remote Castle, where thou shalt not see the Face of Human-kind, except thy Women, and when I design to visit thee.

*Elen.*

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*Elen.* Know this, and let it gnaw thy Jealous Heart :  
Thy Visits will be my severest Punishment.

*Marq.* Watch her, *Orada* ; preach those *Maxims* thy Zeal  
for me suggests ; let her not have Liberty to think.

*Or.* Fear not ; let me alone to teaze her.

*Exit Marquess, locking the Doors after him.*

*Elen.* Ay, ——— make all fast ———  
Insufferable Tyrant ! ——— Come *Orada*,  
Let's go view the dear place, which at  
With'd-for Night brings my dear *Camillus* to me.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE, a Hall.

*Enter the Marquess.*

*Marq.* Where's this plaguy Governor ? I must have him  
with me, because 'tis about the King's Business ; tho' I hate  
him for breaking our *Spanish* Customs, in letting his Jilting  
Wife have such Liberty. ——— Ha ! here she comes, ———  
and a Spark with her ; ——— I'll abscond, and see how virtu-  
ously she carries her self.

*Enter Collonel Peregrine, and the Governor's Lady.*

*Lady.* I dare not stay, — my *Husband* thinks I am gone into  
my Chamber ; if by any chance he should come this way, all  
our Hopes are ruin'd.

*Coll.* Were he by, I'd seal my Vows upon thy melting Lips  
—— Oh ! receive my Heart ; it flutters near thee, and struggles  
for passage.

*Lady.* I am cover'd o'er with Blushes !

*Marq.* (*aside, peeping*) Confound your Modesty ! were you  
mine, you should be cover'd o'er with Blood.

*Coll.* My Life ! can't ye contrive some way to bless me ?  
Your Sex were ever most ingenious lucky at Invention.

*Lady.*

*The Spanish Wives.*

*Lady.* Suppose you pretended a Quarrel in *England*, — for which you were pursu'd, and begg'd Leave to hide here. — If you were in the House, I might get an Opportunity to visit ye, — But sure you would not be such a naughty man to ruine me, if I did.

*Col.* Not for the World!

*Lady.* I wou'd fain love ye, and preserve my Honour.

*Col.* That is preserv'd whilst 'tis conceal'd: The Roses in your Cheeks will only wear a fresher Die, — and those dear Eyes are no Tell-tales, Love will make 'em shine and sparkle more. — I'll put your Advice in execution.

*Lady.* I must not venture on another moment. — Farewell.

*(Exit severally.)*

*Col.* Farewell, my Blessing.

*Enter Marquess.*

*Marq.* Oh Women! Women! Women! — They are Crocodiles, they are painted Serpents, gilded Toys, disguis'd Fiends, — But why name I these? They are *Women* — Just such another is my Damsel of Darkness; if Fortune would but throw a handsome Fellow in her way. — Here comes the Governor, singing, I warrant ye, — poor Credulous Fool, — I cannot but laugh — ha, ha, he!

*(Enter the Governor singing: Let her have her will, &c.)*  
— Hey da! I am glad to find you so merry. 'Tis as great a wonder to see you laugh, as 'twou'd be to see me cry — And that I han't done these Fifty Years, old Boy.

*Marq.* My Lord, which is best; for a mans *Wife* to Cuckold him in Imagination or Reality?

*Gov.* Lord! Lord! your Head is always upon Cuckolding, All the Cuckolds may be hang'd, for what I care.

*Marq.* Oh fie, no! Hanging wou'd be a scurvy Death for a man of your Quality.

*Gov.* Why — what d'ye mean by that, now, ha? — Don't provoke me, I say — do not — I shall make old *Toledo* walk

## The Spanish Wives.

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walk if you do, for all 'tis in my own House.

*Marq.* I must not tell him now, — It will put him so out of Humor, he won't go with me, — 'Twas only a Jest, my Lord, — I wou'd beg the Honour of your Company to the Duke of *Sidonia's*.

*Gov.* With all my Heart — come, come : [Sings.

*Tormented still's the Jealous Fool,  
Himself, nor Bosom Wife can never rest :  
Yet he often proves the Woman's Tool,  
Whilst the Contented Man is ever blest.*

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE, A Chamber.

*Enter Camillus, Friar Andrew, and Hidewell, with a Ladder of Ropes.*

*Cam.* So, *Hidewell* ! Hast thou got the Ladder of Ropes ?

*Hidew.* Yes, my Lord, here's all the Tackling.

*Fri.* Is it strong ? — for I am something weighty.

*Cam.* How, Father ! just now you said you were worn to Skin and Bone.

*Fri.* Ay, my Lord ; but you know Bones ill cover'd will soonest be broken.

*Cam.* True ; take care of your self before. — *Hidewell*, I have alter'd my Mind, — Thou sha't along with us ; watch on the outside the Wall, and give us notice when the Coast is clear.

*Hidew.* With all my Heart.

*Fri.* Let me see, have I got my Holy Water about me ?

*Cam.* Holy Water ! for what ?

*Fri.* Oh ! I always love to say my Prayers, and have those Trinkets, when I undertake a dangerous Design.

*Cam.* Don't be so prophane, *Domine*, — you'l never thrive, — yet, if your Devotion's strong, you've time  
D enough

enough ——— We shan't go this Hour or two.

*Fri.* Nay, I won't hinder ye, ——— an Ejaculation as I go along does the Business.

*Enter a Servant*

*Serv.* My Lord, the *English* Colonel, that lodges in the House, sends to know if you are at leisure.

*Cam.* Tell him, I am, ——— and long to kiss his Hands. ——— I like that Gentleman, he appears brave [Exit Servant.] And bold ——— shou'd our Designs grow desperate: I dare believe he would not scruple his Assistance.

*Fri.* Faith and troth I like him too, — he treats like an Emperor; I din'd with him to-day, ——— and he so gently, so agreeably forc'd Flesh upon me, that by *St. Dominick*, I cou'd not refuse him; tho' 'tis a strict Fast, a horrible strict Fast, as I hope to be an Abbot. ——— Then the obliging Toad has such a Wagging Eye, I'll pawn my Eads, a plaguy Dog for the Women, and they are ever good-natur'd: ——— By his Holiness's Toe, I love the Sex my self, ——— for all this dangling Robe, and my foolish Vow of Chastity.

*Cam.* 'Tis pity you were not a Knight-Errant, --- the Church has robb'd the Ladies of a famous Adorer.

*Fri.* No, faith, my Lord, I do 'em more Service in these Weeds: I have sav'd many a desperate Soul.

*Cam.* How!

*Fri.* Thus: in procuring them the full Possession of their Desires; and that surely brought 'em to Repentance; and you know, what Repentance brings 'em to.

*Hidew.* Truly, Father, I shall grow angry with you; for, if once the Priests take up the Office of Procuring, there will be no Business for a Lay-Pimp.

*Cam.* Peace, ——— the Colonel comes.

*Enter*



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Enter Colonel Peregrine.

Col. — I am your Lordship's humble Servant, — I have just had some Musick to complement me, — I am a great Lover of it, — if your Lordship is so, we'll have the Entertainment there.

Cam. Nothing can oblige me more. — Some Chairs there!

[A Dialogue-Song and Dances: at the time of the Dances Camillus and Peregrine seem in Discourse.]

Hidew. If your Lordship pleases, being in this Dress, I will aim at a Jigg, I danc'd thus once in a Masquerade.

Cam. Prithce do.

[A Jigg by Hidewell.]

## A S O N G.

Betwixt Mr. Leveridge a Spaniard, and Mrs. Crofs an English Lady.

He. **F**airest Nymph that ever blest'd our Shore,  
Let me those charming Eyes adore,  
And fly no more, and fly no more. }

She. Spaniard, thy Suit is all in vain;  
I was born where Women reign,  
And cannot brook the Laws of Spain.

He. For thee my Native Customs I'll forgo,  
Cut my black Locks, and turn a Beau.

She. E're I submit to be your Wife,  
I listen to an English Husband's life;  
With Sparks abroad I'm every day,  
Gracing the Gardens, Park, or Play,  
Hearing all the pretty things they say;  
Give and take Presents, and when that's done,  
You thank the Beaux when I come home.

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He.

*The Spanish Wives.*

He. Oh! I now my Temper fear.

She. Oh! sigh not yet, there's more to hear:

As my Levy crowding Adorers stand,  
 Fix'd on my Eyes, and grasping my white Hand;  
 All their Courts and Oglings bent on me,  
 Not one regardful Look towards thee:  
 At this thou must be pleas'd, or else not see.

He. Then we must part, and I must die.

She. If thou art such a Fool, what care I?

He. I cannot spare thee, so I am undone.

She. A wiser will supply thy Room.

Chorus. Then we must part, &c.  
 If thou art such a Fool, &c.  
 I cannot spare thee, &c.  
 A wiser will supply, &c.

Col. (To the Singers and Dancers) — So, well perform'd;  
 ——— return to my Apartments, I'll be with ye presently.

*Exeunt.*

Cam. The odness of our Adventures surprize me: ———  
 Both our Mistresses in the same House! ——— I hope 'twill fur-  
 ther our Designs.

Col. It must. ——— My Lord, I have a Favour to beg; That  
 you wou'd lend me one of your Implements to morrow, to  
 manage a Plot I have in agitation.

Cam. Most willingly take your Choice.

Fri. I am at your Service.

Hidew. You are so forward, ——— Canonical Fornication-  
 Broker, ——— I believe I am fittest for the Gentleman's  
 Service.

Fri. Goodlack, Upstart! I help'd ye to my Lord, ———  
 and now ye are for engrossing all Business to your self.

Col. Nay, ——— I must have the most expert, because the  
 Case is difficult.

*Fri.*



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*Fri.* Well! I'll not say much! — But here stands little *Andrew*, who has undertook to bring a Smock-fac'd Cardinal to a *Maddona*, secur'd with a Guard more numerous than *Argus*'s Eyes, and more dreadful than the Dragon you wot of — yet spite of massy Doors, impenetrable Bolts, and Italian Padlocks, effect'd it.

*Hidew.* Phough! what's that! I have carried on an Amour for the Queen of *Spain*. — convey'd her Letters made up in Wax-Candles; Love-Complaints writ in the inside of her Glove; besides a Thousand other Contrivances you never dreamt of. — 'Tis true, at last the Fate of all Court-Pimps was mine: I fell into Disgrace; as that had rais'd me, so it ruin'd me; I lost a Coach and Six by my Profession, — And shall you pretend to Rival me?

*Fri.* You lost! why, Sirrah, Sirrah! I tell thee, if I had imploy'd my Parts in Church-Politicks, in Tricks of Priestcraft, by this time I had been Pope. — But the bringing kind loving things together, was dearer to me than the Tripple Crown, — And shall a Varlet contend with me?

*Col.* Gentlemen! dispute no more; I find either of you is qualified for my purpose. — My Noble Lord, good Night, — if you want me, on the least notice, I am ready. [Exit *Col.*

*Cam.* I thank you, dear Neighbor, good Night. — *Hide-well*, take up the Ropes, and come away.

*Fri.* Along, Blunderbuss.

*Hidew.* I hope, Father *Peremptory*, before to morrow Morning, you'll stand in need of my Cunning, to deliver that lov'd Carcass from some imminent Danger.

*Fri.* I defie thee, and all thy shallow Imaginations.

*Cam.* Leave jangling, and make haste.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE

*The Spanish Wives.*

## SCENE, a Palace.

*Enter the Marquess, Orada following him.*

*Ora.* — My Lord, I have a Thousand things of greater consequence to say. — Pray return.

*Marq.* Dear *Orada*, by and by; I must see where my Devil of a Wife is.

*Ora.* You know she cannot pass the Lodgings, perhaps she's at her Devotions.

*Marq.* No, she's too foul to Pray.

*Ora.* (*Taking him by the Arm*) — But, my Lord, — as I was saying, —

*Marq.* (*Flinging from her*) I'll return immediately. —

*Ora.* There's no keeping this mad Fool out of his Wife's sight; — They must even to Bed, whilst I parle with the Lover.

*Enter Marquess, pulling in Elenora.*

*Marq.* — So, Gentlewoman! I have caught ye! — How? With your Head out at Window, making your amorous Complaints!

*Elen.* I was almost stifled for want of her. — Sure you are not Jealous of the Trees and Stars, — They were my only Objects.

*Marq.* Oh Impudence! did I not hear you say, When will he come; my Light, my Life, break thro' this Veil of Darkness, and shoot with Rays of Comfort on me?

*Ora.* (*aside*) A duce of these thinking Minds! so brimfull of Cogitations, they must run over.

*Elen.* I knew you behind me, and therefore did it to torment ye.

*Marq.* It may be so; but I shan't trust ye — Come, into the Bedchamber. — *Orada*, do you School her, — I'll watch for your Light and Life my self.

*Ora.*

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*Or.* My Lord, you had better go to Bed with her, and then you'll be secure.

*Marq.* No, no; in, in. *(Shuts 'em in and locks the Door.)*

— Now for my Pistols — that I may give this Midnight-Guest the Welcome he deserves. *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to an Orchard.

*Count Camillus and Friar Andrew come down the Wall by a Ladder of Ropes.*

*Friar.* — So! — We are got well in; Heaven send us safe out agen!

*Cam.* Father, Father! don't trouble Heaven in this Affair, you'l never prosper.

*Friar.* Bless me, my Lord! Prayers are natural to me: if you are so wicked to neglect 'em, I can't help that.

*Cam.* Come, mind your Bus'ness: where's the Whistle?

*Friar.* Here, here, — now for a delicious Vision, Of a peeping Angel! *[Whistles.]*

*Marq.* The Signal's given, and here's the Answer. *(The Marquess above.)*  
*(Friar Andrew falls flat.)* *Shoots off a Pistol.*

*Cam.* We are discover'd; and if I stay, all other Opportunities are left for ever. —

*(A Cry within of Thieves! Thieves!)*  
— Why Friar! Friar! Father! You are not hurt, — the Bullets went over our Heads.

*Friar.* Are ye sure I am not hurt? — I did conceive I was kill'd.

*Cam.* No, no; but I know not what you may be if you stay — Follow me, with speed. *(Cam. gets over the Ladder.)*

*Friar.* Oh Pox! the Devil of all ill Luck! ruin'd, hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd! No possibility of escaping without a Miracle, — and I can't have the Impudence to expect a Miracle. —

*When the Friar is halfway up, the Ladder breaks, and falls down.*

*(Noise.)*

*The Spanish Wives.*

(Noise within, Where! Where! Thieves follow.)  
 — Oh! they come! they come! — and now at my  
 greatest Extreimity I cannot pray. — Godso! here's a  
 Tree! — I'll try to mount it. (Gets up the Tree.)

*Enter the Marquess, and several Servants.*

Marq. Search well, Boys! leave not a Shrub or Tuft of  
 Grass unexamind — Five Pistoles to him who finds One.

1 Serv. I warrant ye, my Lord! let us alone for ferreting  
 'em! — Soho! what have we here — A Pox, 'tis  
 a Stub of a dead Tree — 'thas broke my Nose.

(Another Servant looking up in the Tree, where the Friar is.)

2 Serv. Oh Rogue! Are ye there? I'll be with ye presently.

(Friar Andrew, as the Fellow gets up, throws his Bottle of  
 Holy-water full in his Eyes, and pulls his Cowl over his  
 Face, and roars out: They both fall from the Tree toge-  
 ther.)

— The Devil, the Devil! oh, my Eyes are out!

(The rest cry, The Devil!

They drive the Marquess in, who often turns, and cries:

Let me see him! let me see him!

(The Friar follows 'em roaring.)

**SCENE** changes to the inner part of the House.

Several Servants enter in Confusion, — a great knocking at the  
 Door, and cry of Fire, Fire! One of the Servants open the Door,

— Enter Hidewell, Men and Maids, as from their Beds —  
 some crying, Fire, some Murder, Treason, &c. After them —  
 Enter Friar Andrew, driving several Servants, who run out,  
 crying, the Devil! the Devil!

Hidew. — Make haste, unlucky Devil! — 'Twas I  
 cry'd Fire! open'd the Door for your deliverance — Fly, and  
 own me for the Master of your Art for ever.

Friar.

## *The Spanish Wives.*

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*Friar.* I cannot stay to thank ye, — But ——— I yield,  
I yield. *Exit running.*

*Enter the Governor, in his Night-Cap, and Sword drawn.*

*Gov. Benedicte Maria!* What! Fire, Murder, and Treason  
all abroad at once! ——— a horrible Plot! ——— By the  
Honour of *Spain*, a terrible one, as I hope to be a Grandee!

*Enter the Governor's Lady attended.*

*Lady. Spywell,* what can be the meaning of this? My Collo-  
nel would not come in such a way. ——— my Lord! my *Deary!*  
the Matter, ——— the Cause of this Disturbance!

*Gov.* Here, *Sirrah!* raise all the Guards: Oh *Tut-tut!* we're  
like to be murder'd, ——— drown'd, and blown up, no body  
knows how, nor which way: A damnable Plot! by his Maje-  
sty's Mustaches I swear!

*Lady.* Sure 'tis a false Alarm, ——— The House has been searcht  
by some Servants discreeter than the rest, ——— and they find  
nothing.

*Enter Marquess, cutting his Servants.*

*Mrs.* Villains! Dogs! under the notion of the Devil,  
These Sheep-lookt Rogues, these Dastard Whelps,  
Have let the Robber of my Honour escape; whilst I  
But just examin'd if my *Wife* was safe, the *Wolf*, the *Goat* is gone.

*Gov.* Hey da! my Lord Marquess, Are we then alarm'd on-  
ly with a jealous Whim of yours? By the Peace and Pleasure  
of my Life, I'll suffer it no longer. ——— Any other of my  
Palaces are at your Service; but such a Wasp shall molest my  
Honey-hive no more.

*Marq.* Uncivil Lord! thy Palaces, nor all thy Wealth shou'd  
bribe my stay, ——— To morrow I've resolv'd for my departure,  
—— in the interm, I desire an hours Conference.

*Gov.* Soon as you please, I am free.

*Enter a Servant, with Hidewell.*

*Serv.* My Lord, here we've found a man that no body knows.

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*Gov.* Ha! who are ye, Sirrah? Your Name? From whence d'ye come? Whither d'ye go? What's your Business? — Answer me all at once.

*Hidew.* I daut I caunt, — but I'll do no more than monny a Mon; I will tell ye the truth; Coming to Morket with my Fruit, d'ye zee, Ich heard the noise of *Fire, Fire! Thieves*, ond such-like, — zo che thought good Crabtree-stick might walk amongst the Rogues; zo Ich have left the Fruit with our *Margery*, and come with main Vorce to help ye, d'ye zee.

*Gov.* An honest Lad! and, d'ye hear, you may sell your Fruit to my Family.

*Hidew.* O Lard, O Lard! Ch'am a made Mon, and my Wife and Children: what! zell my Fruit to my Lord Governor — made for ever! henceforth I'll scorn my Neighbors, and despise my Betters.

*Mar.* I like this Fellow, because I search'd him thoroughly, and found him no Go-between. — Here, Sirrah! there's something for ye, — and were I to stay, ye shou'd ha' my Custom.

*Hidew.* I thank your Honours.

*Gov.* (to a Sentinel) Let him out.

*Exit Hidew.*

*Marq.* You'll remember tomorrow morning early.

*Gov.* Most certainly.

*Marq.* (aside) Then I'll convince this credulous easie man what need there is of watching one's Wife: — Good-night. *Exit.*

*Gov.* Farewell; go thy ways, for a troublesome, maggot-pated, jealous-crown'd Simpleton, as thou art: — Hey boy, *Tittup!* how is t *Tittup?* how shall you and I get to sleep again *Tittup?* ha!

*Lady.* I know not.

*Gov.* What, moody, *Tittup!*

(Sings)

*I'll rouse ye, and mause ye, and touse ye as long as I can,*

*Till squeaking I make ye confess:*

*There's Heat in a vigorous Old Man,*

*When he loves to excess, when he loves to excess.*

*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second A C T.

ACT



ACT III.  
SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter Camillus and Friar Andrew.

Cam. Curst be my disappointing Stars, that thus have cross'd me! whilst I but aim at *Elenora's* Freedom; she, for my Attempts, suffers from her Tyrant-Husband worse usage.

Friar. You may curse your Stars, if you please; but for my part, I bless the pretty twinkling Gentlemen, — that is, if they had an hand in my Deliverance. — I am sure, if I had been caught, my Usage would have been bad enough. — I long to know what is become of that Hangdog *Hidewell*. — Oh! — talk of the Devil, and he appears.

Enter *Hidewell*.

*Hidew.* — Down on your Marrow-bones, *Dominus*, and thank my Ingenuity, else your brittle Thread had been cut; and you left in a dark way by this time.

Friar. Come, come; don't be so triumphant: — for had not my own roaring Preaching Voice —

*Hidew.* Ay, ay; much us'd to Preaching, I believe, — unless it was Indulgence to a yielding Female.

Friar. Well, as I was saying, had not my own Almighty Voice struck Terror thro' 'em, I had been in *Limbo*, long before your Ingenuity came to my Assistance. — Not but you did me a Kindness, — and I acknowledge it, — That's enough for a man of my Qualifications.

Cam. Oh *Hidewell*! — all my Hopes are ruin'd, and poor *Elenora* must remain a Slave for ever.

*Hidew.* My Lord, you are mistaken, — our Expectations now stand fairer; the Governor and Marquess both take me for a very silly honest Fellow, — and have order'd I shall have full and free access; — then let me alone for a Contrivance. — I'll get the Lady for you, and the Woman for

my self ; following the Example of all noble Knights, and trusty Squires.

*Friar.* I find you are providing for your selves : But what must I have for my Pains-taking in this Affair ?

*Hidew.* You know, you cannot marry ; — I'll give you leave To tempt my Damsel, when I have her : D'ye conceive

—— If she loves Spiritual Food, I'll not be your hind'rance.

*Cam.* Dear *Hidewell* ! thou sha't go immediately ; learn when they remove ; fathom their Designs ; I'll force her from him on the publick Road. — He forc'd her from her plighted Faith, her Vows, and all her Wishes : My Force is just.

*Hidew.* Trust to me, my Lord, and fear not.

*Enter Colonel Peregrine.*

*Col.* My Lord ! your humble Servant ! I ha'n't rested to night, since I heard of your Disappointment, reflecting how my own Affair may prove.

*Cam.* Ah Colonel ! our Cases are very different, — You hunt but for Enjoyment, the huddl'd Raptures of a few tumultuous moments : — But I am in quest of Virgin-Beauty, made mine by Holy Vows ; constrain'd by Fiends, instead of Friends, to break the sacred Contract, and follow the *Capricio* of a mad Old Man. — Virgin did I call her ? — By Heaven, I dare believe she is one, at least her Mind is such ; — and were she in my power, I'd soon convince the World of the Justice of my Cause.

*Col.* My Lord ! you shall command my Sword and Interest in *Barcelona*, — yet you must give me leave to mind my own Affairs. — I grant your Passion more Heroick ; — for I shou'd scarce accept the Governor's Wife for mine, if he wou'd give her : — but I am amorous and eager, as Love and Beauty can inspire hot and vigorous Youth.

*Friar.* By *St. Dominick*, well said, old Boy : I'll stick to thee. I hate these whining Romantick Lovers. Nor wou'd I have trudg'd to *Barcelona*, had I thought the Count only fix'd on *Honora*, — Fitha, I can get it out, — Honourable Love.

*Col.* Since you are so willing, Sir, — I have Employment for you



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you. — Can you play the Hector well, pursue with a fiery Countenance, swear without intermission, make noise enough, no matter what you say?

*Friar.* I'll try, I'll try, — hum! hum! — by St. Dominick, by St. Patrick, St. —

*Col.* Hold! hold! what d'ye mean? You must swear by Jupiter, Radamantus, Mars, and those blustering Sparks; not such puny passive Saints.

*Friar.* Well, Sir, — I shall be soon instructed: — But what must I swear all this for? or like the Bullies of the Age, must it be all for nothing?

*Col.* No, no, there is a Cause; — Come along with me — and I'll give ye Clothes, and full Directions.

*Hidew.* If I might advise ye, Sir, he should not undertake it; he has something in that unlucky Phy's shows him unfit, tho' coveting Intrigues: plaguy unfortunate Lines, I swear.

*Friar.* Peace En'y! Scritchowl! Raven! Bat! Devil! When did I ever fail before that Night? nor then neither, sirrah, ha!

*Hidew.* Rage on, Spight! I say but this. — Have a care, when in all your Gallantry, you don't forget, and make a Friar-like alutation.

*Friar.* Pox take ye for putting me in mind on't — for, I always do a thing I am forbid.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Please your Honour, a Lady desires to speak with you.

*Cam.* I'll wait on her.

*Col.* I'll leave you this Apartment free, my Lord; my Business being in haste. — Come, Father!

*Cam.* Farewell: may your Desires be fulfill'd, or you cur'd of 'em.

*Col.* Your Servant.

*Friar.* B'w'ye *Hidewell*! I don't question but to top you in my Performance when we meet next.

*Hidew.* Heaven help the weak, I say. [*Exeunt Col. and Friar.*

*Enter*

# The Spanish Wives.

Enter Orada.

*Cam.* Ha, my dear *Orada*! What Miracle got thee this liberty?

*Ora.* My Lady was so thoroughly frightened at the noise of the Pistols, and the Confusion she heard, (for you, I suppose) that she has since been ill. — The jealous *Marques* cou'd not find in's Heart to trust a Doctor with her, but sent me for a Cordial.

*Cam.* I hope her Sicknefs has no Danger in it.

*Ora.* No, no; 'tis over now, — scarce enough left for a Pretext for my coming.

*Cam.* But, what Hopes? What shall be our next Design? Speak Comfort, my best Friend!

*Ora.* Faith, I know not well: — Suppose the *Marques* were some way inform'd, you are in *Barcelona*, — 'twou'd fright him out of his Wits; — I'd back it; and perswade him to send *Elenora* in the night privately, lest you attempt her on the Road, — then you may seize the unguarded Fair. — Methinks something like this might be done.

*Cam.* We'll in, and consider farther on'r.

*Hidew.* Hark ye, *Doña*, if your Lady falls to my Lord, you prove my natural Perquisite, by the Example of a Thousand Years.

*Oro.* What means the Fellow?

*Cam.* Despise him not, *Orada*; he has prodigious Parts under that Rustler Coat.

*Ora.* I care not for him, nor his Parts, I shall ne'r examine 'em.

*Hidew.* You and I shall be better acquainted for all this.

*Ora.* Away, Bumpkin!

*Cam.* I tell ye, he's a Beau in Disguise.

*Ora.* I believe so.

*Cam.* Come to this inner Room, *Orada*, lest we are interrupted.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE, a Hall.

Enter the Governor, *Marques*, and *Diego*.

*Gov.* A-pox, a-pox! Was this your Conference? — If I had guess'd at it, the Devil shou'd have confer'd with ye for me.

*Marq.*

*The Spanish Wives.*

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*Marq.* I wou'd ha' thank'd a Friend that forewarn'd me, of an approaching Evil.

*Gov.* Evil! What Evil? The Evil is my knowing it; if I had not, 't had been none. ——— Yet how am I convinc'd you have not abus'd my *Tittup*: — By the Honour of *Spain*, I'll Fight for *Tittup*: Guilty or not Guilty. — My Lord! — what you have said is a scandalous, contagious, outrageous, ———

*Marq.* Hold, — if you say one word more, I draw.

*Gov.* Well, well! — I will have Patience, — but if this Colonel doth not come with the sham-plot you have buzz'd into my Head, by King *Philip's* Beard, ———

*Marq.* Threaten not; I'll meet you when and where you please, ill-manner'd Fool! [Exit.]

*Gov.* *Diego*! I have born up, ——— yet, I gad, to own the Truth. I am damnably afraid ——— there's something in it. — That *English* Colonel is a plaguy Dog; he looks as if he were made to enter all Breaches, conquer every way. ——— I'll try if I can sing after this News. (Sings)

*Lock up a Woman, or let her alone;*

*Keep her in private, or let her be known:*

*'Tis all one, 'tis e'en all one.*

—— A scurvy Tune, as I hope to be a Grandee. ——  
Nay, if my Voice is broke, my Heart will quickly follow.

—— *Diego*!

*Dieg.* My Lord!

*Gov.* I ever found thee faithful; — if the Spark does come, follow exactly my Directions, and all shall be well yet.

*Dieg.* Fear not me, my Lord, I'd lose a Leg or an Arm at any time in your Honour's Service, and never cry, Oh! for't.

*Gov.* Hark, hark! I think I hear a Noise. (Cry of Fire here.)

(Without, a Cry of Murder, and shutting Doors.)

*Enter Col. Peregrine, his Sword drawn, leaning upon his Servant.*

*Col.* Oh, my Noble Lord! I'm ruin'd, unless your Pity save me: in *England* I, in a Duel, kill'd a Gentleman, and his Friends have pursu'd me hither, setting upon me, Four at once.

*Gov.*

*Gov.* Alas and welladay! 'tis sad indeed! and you, I warrant, are wounded desperately.

*Col.* I fear, to death, ——— oh! oh!

*Gov.* Ah, the dissembling Rogue! it grieves me almost to disappoint him, the Smock-fac'd Dog does it so cunningly. (*aside*

—— *Diego!*

*Dieg.* Sir.

*Gov.* *Diego*, get one of my able Surgeons to search the Wound.

*Col.* I thank you, my Lord; my own Servant has great Skill in Surgery, I'll trust him.

*Gov.* *Diego!* carry this Gentleman to an Apartment near the Garden, free from Noise, — I'll send *Tutup* to visit ye by and-by.

*Col.* Your Lordship's all Goodness.

[*Exit.*

*Gov.* And thou all Treachery, — Oh! the *English* whining Dog ——— how shall I punish him? By the honour of *Spain*, he deserves to be utterly disabled, — render'd wholly incapable. ——— But I'll have Mercy in my Anger: hang't ——— I have lov'd the handfom Whipster, and he shall find it.

(*Enter Diego.*)

—— So, ——— have ye dispos'd of him as I order'd?

*Dieg.* Yes, my Lord; and whilst I was in the Chamber, he groan'd as if his *Heart* were breaking, ——— But I had the Curiosity to stay a little at the Door, and heard both laugh ready to burst, can't please your Honour.

*Gov.* Please me! not much, in faith, *Diego*; but --- let me tell 'em, had they fell into the hands of any other of our Nation, their Mirth wou'd quickly ha' been spoil'd, and their Whoring too adod.

*Enter Servants, hauling in Friar Andrew.*

*Serv.* My Lord, we have took the Ringleader, that pursu'd the Noble *English* Colonel.

*Gov.* Good Boys! Good Boys! ——— Well, Sir, ——— And what are you?

*Friar.* If you are a man of Authority, as by your House and Port

## *The Spanish Wives.*

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Port I guess you are, I charge you, do me Justice; for by yonder blew Firmament, and all those hated Stars, that twinkl'd at my Brother's Murder, I'll flea that cursed Colonel.

Gov. Thou Hangdog, begot in Lewdness, and born in some Sink of Sin, — Son of a thousand Fathers, and Maker and Contriver of Cuckolds without number; I know thee for a Pimp: Here, *Diego*! fasten upon one Whisker, whilst I take t'other; if they are fast, I may alter my Opinion. — They are reverend Whiskers, I confess, — if not, I proclaim thee a Pimp.

*(They pull, and the Whiskers come off between'em.)*

Fri. Oh, mercy! mercy! I do own my Profession; but good my Lord, forgive me.

Gov. Ay, that I will, but I'll punish thee first, — here, — carry him to the red Tower, and let him have Two hundred Lashes, till all Thoughts of Concupiscence, either for himself or others, be thoroughly mortified.

Fri. Hear me, my Lord!

Gov. No, away with him.

Fri. You must hear me; I am a Priest, I excommunicate ye else.

Gov. A Priest, and a Pimp! Oh Lord!

Fri. Why? is that such a Wonder?

Dieg. Look, my Lord! here hang his Beads under his Clothes.

Fri. Now, my Lord, you are satisfied the Secular Arm can't punish me; pray give me a Release.

Gov. Hold, hold, not so fast. — Take him, and carry him to the next Abby just as he is, and tell the Fathers what ye know.

Fri. 'Tis well 'tis no worse, — to deal with the Tribe, let me alone, they'll judge my Frailties by their own.

Gov. Say ye so, *Beelzebub*, in his own Cloathing! but I'll be a Thorn in thy side, I'll warrant thee, old Father Iniquity.

Serv. My Lord, we'll set the Mob upon him, that's worse than all the Justices in *Quorum*.

Fri. Ple Curse, Excommunicate, Purgatory ye, Hang ye, Damn ye.

*(Exit forc'd off.)*  
*Enter*

F

*The Spanish Wives.**Enter Governor's Lady.**Lady.* My *Deary*, *Spywell* tells me our dear Colonel's wounded.*Gov.* Oh, most dangerously, *Tittup*; he has as many holes thro' him as a Jew's Cake.*Lady.* Alas, then I fear he's dead.*Gov.* No, no; Nature has fram'd his Body for the purpose; a Sword passes and repasses like a Jugler's Ball, and no harm done.*Lady.* Cruel *Deary*! you make a Jest on't, but I'll visit and comfort him.*Gov.* Hold, hold; his Wounds are dressing: You wou'd see him naked, wou'd ye?*Lady.* Oh Gad! not for the World.*Gov.* Retire to your Chamber, I'll send for you when 'tis convenient.*Lady.* I will, *Dear*; but pray take care of him.*Gov.* Yes; there shall be Care taken of him, I promise ye.— A hopeful young Gentleman, by the Honour of *Spain*. —  
*Diego*! follow to my Closet, there I'll make thee sensible of my  
Desigo. *Exeunt.**Enter the Marchioness Elenora, meeting Orada.**Elen.* Dear *Orada*! bring'st thou Comfort, or must I remove from *Barcellona* to Wilds and unfrequented Desarts, impenetrable Castles, and all the melancholy Mischiefs spritely Youth can fear?*Ora.* I hope not, Madam; the Lord *Camillus* employs his Brain and all his busie Instruments, for your deliverance.*Elen.* Give me the Scheme of his Design, that I may guess at the Success.*Ora.* Madam, — my Lord. — [Enter the Marquess.*Elen.* Take that — thou impudent Performer of my Tyrant's Will, *(Strikes her.**Ora.* My Lord, you see what I suffer for your Service.*Marq.* But we'll be so reveng'd, *Orada*; when we have her wholly to our selves, by Heaven, I'll bring that pamper'd Carcass down: The Roses shall wither in her wanton Cheeks; her  
Eyes,



Eyes, whose hot Beams dart Fire, grow dull and languid : —  
By all my Pangs of Jealousie, I'd rather clasp a Fiend, than  
Doubting Sleep by such an Angel.

*Elen.* And 'tis thy Doubts, Old Man, not I, torment thee—  
Our Sex, like Water, glides along pleasant and useful ; but if  
grasp'd by a too violent Hand, unseen they slip away, and prove  
the fruitless Labour vain.

*Marq.* To Waters, Waves, and Rocks most justly may you  
be compar'd ; — but I want time to hold an Argument. —  
Prepare this Night for your remove, — I am fix'd, — your  
Jewels, Equipage and all put up.

*Elen.* Let my Slaves take care of that, — What need have  
I of Jewels, Ornaments, or Dress, condemn'd to Cells and ever-  
lasting Solitudes ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord, a Country Fellow is very importunate to  
speak with you.

*Marq.* Bring him in, — Mistress, you to your Chamber.  
You hear the man's Business is with me.

*Elen.* May it prove a vexatious one, I beseech Heaven. (*Exit.*

*Enter Hidewell.*

*Marq.* --- Oh, my honest Fruiterer, what brought you hither ?

*Hidew.* Why, an't shall please ye, — a marvellous thing has  
hapt since I see ye last, — a parlous Contrivance, by th' Mefs,  
— as I hope for *Margery*, I ne'r see the like.

*Marq.* The matter, Friend !

*Hidew.* Nay, Gadsores, 'tis zo strange, I can't tell whether I  
was asleep or dreamt, or no.

*Marq.* Prithce tell me quickly ; what Wonder hast thou met  
with, Fellow ?

*Hidew.* Zir, I'm but a poor Fellow ; but, as Neighbour *Touch*  
has it, I can zee into a Millstone, as var as another man.

*Marq.* Talk to the purpose, or I shall grow tir'd : — is it  
any thing concerning me or my Honour ?

*Hidew.* Ay, ay, Zir, you don't know the bottom of this Plot.

*Marq.* Nor the top on't neither, — dall'ing Fool, proceed.

*Hidew.* Nay, you'll know it soon enough : — Han't you a  
very handsom Wife, buxom and free, as the Saying is ?

*Marq.* Oh the Devil, lies it there? Well! what follows?

*Hidew.* Ilags, Cuckoldom, ch'am afraid, Zir, — for coming out of this Hauſe, there meets me a waundy handſom Fellow, Gadſores, — he had the ſwinginſt — what d'ye call't. —

*Marq.* Perruque, d'ye mean?

*Hidew.* Ay, uſſid! our biggeſt Buſhel, that's kept on purpoſe for the Maſters of the Meaſures to zee, wou'd not, — no, i ſacks, ch'um zure — it wou'd not cover it.

*Marq.* Did he enquire after my Wife?

*Hidew.* By my troth he did. — Friend, ſays he, do you go often to that Houſe? — Mahap I do, — mahap I do not, ſid I, what's that to you? Nay, — no harm, quoth he; and thereupon ſlipt a piece of Gold into my Hand. — I muſt confeſs that ſoſten'd me, — and he went on, — Doſt thou not know an old jealous, freakiſh, confounded Marqueſs liyes there? Pray ye now can't be angry, Sir, — I uſe but his own words.

*Marq.* No, no, go on.

*Hidew.* And has he not, quoth he, a young lovely Wife? — And then he run on with hard words, I cou'd not conceive for above a quarter of an hour, tho I was wiſe enough to pick it out, that he was Amour'd on her.

*Marq.* Confound him, confound him!

*Hidew.* Quoth he, — Canſt thou convey a Letter to her? — Why how now mon, zed I, who doſt take me for, a Pimp? No, no, ch'am no Pimp, — an I war chou'd ha' better Cloas o' my Back, — by th' Meſs, chall do none o' your Bawdy Meſſages, nor I; Do't your ſelf, an you wull, for *Tim.* With that he drew his Sword, and I very vairy took up Heels, and run away, for ch'am very veard of a naked Sword.

*Marq.* Couldſt thou not diſcover his Name?

*Hidew.* His Zeivants call'd him — Count — a — *Cam* — *Cam* — *Cam* — ch'am zure 'twas zummot about *Cam*.

*Marq.* (*ſtarting*) What, — *Camillus*!

*Hidew.* Ay, ay, that's it, that's it, in troth.

*Marq.* Oh, I am ru.n'd, blown up, and one! *Camillus* has his Pockets cramm'd with Gold; — he'll bribe the World to take his part: — Then that Contract — ſo firm and ſure, —

I loſe

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I lose her, and what I value more, her large Fortune. —  
*Orada*, what shall I do?

*Ora*. Suppose ye remove my Lady in a Litter, without any of your own Attendance, — for indeed I fear he'll way-lay all the Roads. — My Lord, she may be got many Leagues this night, and when in safety, you may send back for your Equipage.

*Marq.* Many Leagues! we'll go a Thousand; — for I'll be with her, and force her speed.

*Ora.* (*aside*) That I suspected.

*Hidew.* Zir, Zir, here she may serve ye, for I keep a Litter, as well as zell Fruit.

*Marq.* Oh! thou'rt an honest Fellow; and, fear not, you shall be rewarded beyond your Wishes: — Come in, — I'll give thee an Order for one of my best Horses, because my Servants shall not suspect 'tis for my self. *Orada!* get your Lady ready, — 'tis now near Night, and it shall be done with speed.  
(*Exit.*)

*Ora.* Be sure you lame the Horse now; for as soon as the Litter has lost sight of the Marquess, we return into the City, and towards the Morning escape in a Felucca already order'd, — whilst the disappointed Marquess is hunting the Roads in vain.

*Hidew.* Madam, I desire none of your Directions, I am perfect Master of my Trade. — I cannot but think how bravely I shall maintain thee. Girl; for Money comes rowling in.

*Ora.* Mind your Business, and think of Fooling afterwards.

*Exeunt.*

• SCENE, a Chamber.

*The Scene draws, and discovers Col. Peregrine upon a Bed, and his Man by him.*

*Col.* I begin to grow damnable weary of nursing up this no Wound; I wish the dear Angel would but come, and heal the real Wound my Heart endures.

*Serv.* Truly Sir, I shou'd have but little Stomach to a Mistress, if I were in your circumstances: — What! attempt to Cuckold a Spanish Governor in his own House!

*Col.* Peace Coward, and see who's coming.

*Serv.* Sir, Sir, 'tis my Lord Governor.

*Col.* Well, well! — Oh! oh! oh!

*Enter*

*Enter Governor and Diego; speaks aside to Diego.*

*Gov. Diego!* unobserv'd secure that Sword, Hat, and Per-  
ruique, — I shall have use for't.

*Dieg.* Yes, my Lord.

*Col.* Oh, oh, oh!

*Gov.* How d'ye, Sir?

*Col.* Oh, very bad, — just, just fainting.

*Serv.* Please ye to have some Cordial, Sir?

*Col.* A little, if ye will.

*Gov.* And are not you a damn'd dissembling handsome Toad  
— Answer me that now, — answer me that. What! cor-  
rupt the Wife of my Bosom, my Darling *Tittup*! break the  
Laws of Hospitality! Well, — thou'rt a desperate Fellow,  
I protest; — design to Cuckold one that hopes to be a Gran-  
dee of *Spain*! — Abominable, by St. *Jaques*! Come, come,  
get up; your Wound's not mortal, I'll engage.

*Col.* I'm so confounded, I know not what to say.

*Serv.* Ay, I thought 'twou'd come to this, — Now shall I  
be toss'd in a Blanket, burnt, drown'd, hang'd!

*Col.* Be quiet, Rascal, and be damn'd!

*Gov.* What, you'r out of humour, Sir! I must confess, 'tis a  
plaguy disappointment. Come, in short, I'll use ye much bet-  
ter than you ought to expect. Go with haste and privacy to  
your Lodgings, and the Town shall know nothing of the mat-  
ter: — Your Wig and other Accoutrements shall be sent after  
ye; but I must use 'em first.

*Col.* My Lord, I beg your Pardon for this Attempt; you  
know 't has been no more.

*Gov.* Your Goodwill was not wanting, thanks to your who-  
ring Stars.

*Col.* Tho' unarm'd, I will not stir from hence, if you practise  
a thousand Cruelties upon me, unless I have your Promise, that  
you will not hurt your Wife. — I have Honour, tho' the  
Rules are now transgress'd. Nor can I leave a Lady (whom  
my Love has entic'd) to the Resentments of a *Spanish* Husband.

*Gov.* An Honourable Dog, as I hope to be sav'd! by all that's  
sacred, I will not hurt her; only she must remain depriv'd of  
that

that Liberty, which, against our Country's Custom, I had given her.

*Col.* That I'm sorry for; but cannot ask more.

*Gov.* But I shall ask you to be gone. --- *Diego* --- get one of my closest Chairs, and let him be convey'd home, as sick.

*Col.* Oh, I cou'd tear my Flesh.

*Gov.* No, no, fast and mortifie it.

*Col.* I own you generous, but have not the Heart to thank you.

*Gov.* I tell ye once again --- your Absence will best express your Acknowledgment.

*Col.* Your Servant.

*Gov.* Oh, your very humble Servant, sweet Friend in a corner! --- Now, *Diego*! help to equip me. *Exit Colonel.*

*Dieg.* My Lord!

*Gov.* The Perruque, the Perruque block --- oh, how the amorous Rogue has perfum'd it, --- the Pulvil, Essence, and Powder o'ercomes me.

*Dieg.* My Lord, may I presume to tell ye, --- your black Beard, and that white Perruque look very disagreeable.

*Gov.* No matter, the Curtains will hide that. --- Now go to my Wife, and tell her, I am gone to the Castle, to see the Guards reliev'd; and shall sup there. --- Tell her also, I desire she wou'd visit the wounded *Colonel* in my absence. --- *Exit Diego.*

--- Now I shall find if *Tittup* knew the bottom on't, and were consenting to this Roguery. [*Throws himself on the Bed.*]

*Enter his Lady, and Spywell her Woman.*

*Lady.* Oh, we are happy beyond what we cou'd expect; my Husband sups at the Castle to night, --- yet I tremble every Limb of me: --- I swear I love this old Governor, and nothing but this charming *Englishman* cou'd have tempted me to break my Vows.

*Spyw.* Madam, you walk and talk, you know not where --- you are in his Chamber. (*Goes towards his Bed.*)

*Lady.* --- My Love, my Life, wilt thou not meet me? there is no further need of Counterfeiting.

(*Governor leaps up, and snatches her Hand.*)

*Gov.*



*Gov.* Ungrateful *Tittup* !

*His Lady.* (*sobbing*) Ah !

*Gov.* How couldst thou serve me so ?

*Lady.* Phogh, I knew 'twas you, and did it on purpose to make you jealous.

*Gov.* A pies, a-pies, no, no, you did not know 'twas I : -- I wou'd be deceiv'd, but cannot.

*Lady.* Oh, what must I expect ?

*Gov.* *Diego* ! ---- first turn this Baggage out o' doors, ---- and d'ye hear Mistress, ---- if ye tattle of these Affairs, I'll have ye poyson'd, ---- else ye are free and safe.

*Spyw.* Madam, farewell ; I can't excuse my self.

*Lady.* Now my Turn's a coming.

*Gov.* Ah *Tittup* ! whither, whither art thou fallen ?

*Lady.* (*crying*) No, *Deary*, not fallen, I was but staggering --- and you caught me *Deary*.

*Gov.* For which I humbly conceive, you wish me hang'd, *Deary*.

*Lady.* Indeed, indeed *Deary*, I'm glad my Honour's safe ; ---- I never had an Inclination before, and never will again, if you forgive me.

*Gov.* I'll take care you shall never have another Opportunity ; your back Apartments must be your Prison, and an old Dovecote your Companion, till Time and Age have wrought off your loose Desires. No more hoity toity, ---- no more appearing at Windows, ---- dining at *Deary's* Table, and dancing after it for Digestion. --- I say, *Tittup*, all these Vanities must be forgotten.

*Lady.* Oh ! stab me first ! Let me not be a May-game to all my Servants, who by my Confinement wou'd guesst at my Disgrace. You us'd to swear you lov'd your *Tittup* --- I never did a Fault before, but what a Frown might punish --- Now let me experience your boasted Fondness ; and take me to your Heart, with kind relenting smiles --- else leave me distracted on the Earth in endless fears bemoaning my Indiscretion, and your Cruelty.

*Gov.* (*aside*.) I feel I begin to mollifie !

*To her.* Oh, *Tittup*, *Tittup* ! Thou hast been a Baggage ! a  
very



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very Baggage — by the Honour of Spain!

*Lady.* I confess I have been frail — But I will be forgiven, so I will — I'll hang about thy Neck; nor leave the dear Place 'till my Pardon's sign'd.

*Gov.* What! Give you again your Freedom to see another Colonel, and be again betray'd?

*Lady.* No; there is not such another Colonel.

*Gov.* How, *Tittup*!

*Lady.* Not such a Tempter; such a Seducer, I meant.

*Gov.* Thou pretty Epitome of Womans weakness — I dare not trust thee — *Tittup* — you must retire.

*Lady.* Do, lock me up; and next moment you are gone; I'll hang my self in my own Garters, so I will. — Can you behold your *Tittup* hang'd? her Eyes gogling, her Mouth, you have buss'd so often, gaping; and her Legs dangling three Yards above Ground? — This is the Sight you must expect.

*Gov.* Oh! I can't bear the thoughts on't — Stand farther off — farther yet — that I may rush upon thee with all the vigour of Sixteen, and clasp thee from such a Danger — Thou resistless Ruler of a doting, fond, old Fool! — Here — I forgive thee — but if after this, I catch ye staggering, expect no Mercy.

*Lady.* By the new Joys, your returning Kindness brings me, I'll die first!

*Gov.* The World may blame my Conduct; but then — they know not *Tittup's* Charms; the Power of her Eyes, and Pleasure of her Arms. — I cannot raise my Voice to sing, yet — hum! — No; Gad, zooks, 'twon't do.

*Lady.* Henceforth

*Good Humour shall supply thy want of Touth,  
You shall be always kind, I full of Truth.*

[*Exeunt bugging.*]

### SCENE, a Hall.

*Enter Elenora, and Orada.*

*Elen.* Do we succeed, my dear *Orada*?

*Ora.* Beyond expectation, Madam — within some moments, you are in *Camilluc's* Arms. — *Hidewell* is gone for

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a well-appointed Litter, which wheels but round, whilst *Hide-well* plays Tricks with my Lord; and then carries you to the *English* Ambassador's.

*Elen.* Now my Desires are so near fulfilling, I begin to fear 'em — yet I know *Camillus* is Honourable.

*Ora.* All's Honourable. The House is Honourable, the Lady Honourable: Fear nothing, but in, and Pray for our Success — I think I hear my Lord — You must be sure to seem very unwilling.

*Elen.* I'll warrant ye.

[Exit.]

*Enter the Marquess.*

*Marq.* Is your Lady ready?

*Ora.* Yes, my Lord. But, good Lord! what a life have I had with her — I believe she has thrown Fifty things at my Head — She swears she won't go like a Thief in the Night.

*Marq.* Oh! when the Litter comes, we'll do well enough for that — I'll make her go, or leave her dead upon the place. — Dost thou think none of the Servants perceive our Preparations at this Back-door?

*Ora.* My Lord, there's no Danger — 'tis so far through the Gardens; and now we have these Apartments, their People never come at 'em.

*Enter Hidewell.*

*Marq.* Here comes my trusty Fellow well! hast go a Litter?

*Hide.* Ay; and by th' Mefs, an able one too — I worn ye Mon, afore day; we be past whistling after.

*Ora.* Friend, you never talk'd to a Lord in your life, I suppose.

*Marq.* Pho, pho! 'tis all well — Is the Horse for me ready too?

*Hide.* Just by the Litter, my Lord! — my Lord — i sackens it faunds rarely.

*Marq.* Call *Elenora*.

*Ora.* I will venture — but Heavens! how I shall be us'd!

[Exit, and Re-enter with *Elenora*.]

— Nay, Madam, 'tis in vain disputing it; for you must and shall.

*Hide.* A vine Dame, by th' Mefs!

*Elen.* Commanded by my Slave! Monster! whither dost thou

in-

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intend to have me at this dead hour of Night? to Death, I hope.

*Marq.* To Death, if you resist ——— *Orada*, hall her along.

*Ora*, I think I do pull her — I believe her Arm will come off.

*Hide.* Why law ye, Mistress ——— dan't be so veard —

Ye shall come to no hort ——— I have had vine Vokes in my Litter 'vore naw.

*Elen.* Away, Fool! leave halling me ——— I will go ———  
thou cruel Devil!

*Marq.* Come, I'll see her in the Litter; and then take Horse.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Marquess and Hidewell.*

*Marq.* Sirrah! Sirrah! where's my Horse?

*Hide.* My Lord! my Lord!

*Marq.* Sot! Dunce! my Horse!

*Hide.* Why a — why a — I ty'd him to the Pales ——— and tis so waundy dark withont, I cannot find him.

*Marq.* Fly and search! Bid the Litter go softly: I'll oretake 'em.

*Hide.* I'm gone, I'm gone ——— (*Comes back.*) — My Lord, must I bring him hither?

*Marq.* Eternal Fool! Call to me, and I'll come out,

*Hide* stopping. Udfookers! 'ch'am zummat a veard.

*Marq.* This Fellow will make me mad — Beast! will ye stir!

*Hide.* Ch'ave heard Vokes talk of Ghosts, zo I have, about the Park Pales.

*Marq.* Rascal! I'll make a Ghost o' thee; if thou dost not go, or direct me, where my Horse is.

*Hide.* I run, I run! [*Exit. The Marquess following him.*]

*Hidewell crosses the Stage running: The Marquess within cries, Where are ye?*

*Hide.* I'll lead him a Dance ——— Here, here! [*Exit.*]

[*Within. Here, here!*]

*Marq.* A Pox, where? [*The Marquess Entering.*]

—— Oh! the Devil! I can't wag a step further! I have lost sight of him, and the Litter; and am lam'd into the Bargain — I hope *Orada* observ'd my Directions for the Road — The Pass I gave 'em, lets 'em through the City Gates: If this Fool wou'd come once, I shou'd soon overtake 'em. — Numps, Fool! Are ye coming?

G 2

*Hide-*

*The Spanish Wives.*

*Hide. Well within.* O Lord! O Lord! ch'am an undone, Mon! Ch'am an undone, Mon!

*Marq.* What's the matter?

*Enter Hide. Well, leaning on his Stick; as soon as he comes in, he falls down, and roars out.*

*Hide.* Oh! Oh! Oh!

*Marq.* What ails the Fellow? Where's my Horse?

*Hide.* A Murrain, a Plague take your Horse ——— ch'am maim'd for ever ——— For getting up to make haste, he has thrown me, and broke my Leg. Oh, my poor Wife and Children! they must to the Parish ——— Then *Margery* — how she'll take on! for, to say truth, I lov'd her better than my Wife ——— Oh! Oh! Oh!

*Marq.* The Devil take thee, and all thy Family, for an unlucky Dog! I see, I must call up my Servants at last. [*Exit.*

*Hide. Well, getting up.* Farewel, sweet Signior! for, by this time, your Lady's in safe Hands. [*Exit hastily singing.*

*Enter the Marques.*

*Marq.* Pedro! Olonzo! Valasco!

*Pedro.* Did you call, my Lord?

*Marq.* Yes. A Fellow has broke his Leg ——— You must wake Monsieur Cyreclap, my French Surgeon ——— and, Olonzo, give Orders to my Grooms this moment, to prepare two Horses; Valasco shall go with me.

*Pedro.* My Lord! what Fellow? Where is he? Why, here's no Body!

*Marq. (looking about.)* Gone! Hell and Furies! A Plot upon my Honour, my Life, my Wife, my Estate! Murder! Murder! Saddle all my Horses; get what Friends Money will purchase; search every Road ——— my Estate! my Wife! Hell and Damnation!

*Enter Governour, with a Letter in his hand: His Lady, Diego, and Servants.*

*Gov.* So! the Cry's up agen ——— but Heaven be thanked, 'tis almost over now ——— What's the matter, my Lord Marques?

*Marq.* Ruin'd, undone for ever! My Wife's Run away!

*Lady.* How! Run away! That's worse than I, Deary.

*Gov.*

# The Spanish Wives.

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Gov. I know not: 'Tis according as you prove, *Tittup* —  
A bad Wife's better lost than found.

*Lady*. Unkind Deary.

*Marq*. My Lord, burying all Animositities, I beg you wou'd  
assist me now. I shall run mad — my Wife, nay more, a great  
Estate, lost! lost!

*Gov*. My Lord, you must be pacify'd — I've ill News to  
tell you — there's a Letter sent me from *Rome*, by the Car-  
dinal Patron of *Spain*; that you stole a Young Lady, firmly  
contracted to a Noble *Roman* Count: Also His Majesty's Order  
to put the Lady in a Monastery, till your Cause is try'd.

*Marq*. I'll Hang my self! I'll Drown my self! I'll Bury my  
self alive! Dogs! Whelps! get me Cords, Knives, Poyson,  
Sword, and Fire. [Exit Raving.

*Gov*. The Man's distracted — *Diego*, after; and perswade him.

*Lady*. 'Tis a just Judgment on him, Deary, for being so  
Jealous.

*Gov*. Ay, *Tittup*; when Women never give any cause, you  
know, *Tittup*.

*Lady*. Hump!

Enter a Gentleman.

*Gent*. Sir, my Lord *Camillus* sends to give you an Account,  
that he expects the Lady *Elenora* at the *English* Ambassador's.  
He hears, by an Express, your Honour has Orders from the  
King relating to her; to which he willingly submits.

*Gov*. An honest Lad, by the Honour of *Spain* — Tell him,  
Friend, I'll wait on him immediately at the Ambassador's.

*Lady*. Deary.

[Exit Gentleman.

*Gov*. What now! That begging look's put on for something.

*Lady*. Let me go with you, and see the Ambassador's Lady,  
and the Marchionels, and —

*Gov*. — And the *English* Colonel. Ha! why, *Tittup*, canst  
thou look me in the Face, and ask this? — By the Honour  
of *Spain*, I believe this Honry, Toity will desire me to admit  
him for her Gallant.

*Lady*. Truly, Deary, if the Colonel is there, you shall hear  
me charge him, never to see me more.

Gov...



*Gov.* A new way, *Tis up!* to go into a man's Company, to forbid him your sight! Come-- thou shalt along! and—

*Sings.* *If with Horns my Kindness thou dost repay,  
I'll Punish thee some unknown, uncommon way,  
Nor bear what's ere thy Charming Tongue can say.*

*SCENE changes to the English Ambassador's.*

*Camillus meeting Elenora and Orada: Runs and Embraces Elenora.*

*Cam.* My *Elenora!* art thou here! do I hold thee fast, thou choicest Blessing of my Youth!

*Elen.* Witness my Heart, which strongly beats, how much I'm pleas'd in my *Camillus's* Arms! But, Oh! I blush, when I remember I am another's Wife.

*Cam.* No more o'that; the Cardinal's my Friend, and has promis'd a Divorce immediately— Therefore Crown my Joys with Smiles, and forget past Dangers.

*Elen.* I can say only this: I love ye—

*Cam.* And not descending Angels, with all their Heavenly Tunes, cou'd Charm like that dear sound!— safe in a Monastery thou shalt remain, till the Dispute is ended. And then— Oh! thou blest Chamber— then all my Sufferings shall be liberally paid; and longing Love Revel in Feasts of unutterable Delight. — Nor art thou forgot, dear *Orada*, but, whilst I have Life, shalt be us'd like a Friend, and Mistress of my Fortunes.

*Orad.* I humbly thank your Honour, and heartily rejoice at my good Lady's Happiness.

*Cam.* Poor *Hidewell!* — I hope he is in safety. —

*Enter Hidewell.*

*Hidew.* — Yes; and here, at your Honour's service, — tho' I have had a broken Leg, and two or three other Misfortunes, — but all's well now, and I can dance for Joy.

*Cam.* Thou art a witty Rogue, — and henceforward shalt ha' no occasion to expose thy self, — I'll provide for thee like a Gentleman.

*Hidew.* I'm your ready Slave, — D' ye hear that, *Mrs. Scornful?* *(To Orada)* how d' ye like my Parts and Person now?

*Ora.* Troth I've seen so much between my Lady and the Count, that my Mouth almost waters.

*Hidew.* We shall soon agree, I find.

*Cam.*



# The Spanish Wives.

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*Cam.* My dear *Elenora*, the Ambassador's Lady sends word, her Husband is gone for a few days to hunt: she is very ill, but that all things in her House are at your service.

*A Lady enters and whispers*  
*Camillus.*

*Elen.* To morrow I'll wait on her.

*Enter Colonel Peregrine.*

*Cam.* Oh, my dear Friend! here's the lovely Prize, which so well deserves the Pains I have taken.

*Col.* A charming Lady! — My Lord, you are a happy man.

*Cam.* How goes your affair, and what's become of the obliging Friar?

*Col.* Nay, Heaven knows! the Story is too long to tell; only this: I found the old Lord generous, and resolve to attempt his Wife no more.

*Cam.* I'm glad on't. — in your Age you never will repeat an uncommitted Sin.

*Elen.* That Governor's Lady seem'd a pretty good-humour'd Creature; therefore, my Tyrant, let me see her but once.

*Enter Friar Andrew, his Clothes torn, and cover'd with Dirt, and his Face scratch'd.*

*Cam.* Who have we here! Oh Heavens! Father *Andrew*!

*Col.* What! my Hector thus us'd!

*Hidew.* What has befalln thee, oh thou weak Brother?

*Fri. (angrily)* What has befalln me! you may behold what has befalln me; Dirt, Wounds, and Disgrace. — The Ladies may live in Rat-Traps, or dye o' the Pips, for Father *Andrew's* Assistance again.

*Hidew.* Look, forward Undertaker and wretched Performer, there the Lady stands, deliver'd by me!

*Elen.* My Lord, is not this the Friar brought your self Letter, after I was married, whom the Marquis caught and abus'd?

*Cam.* The same, Madam!

*Hidew.* I said he had unfortunate lines, but he wou'd take no warning.

*Elen.* Not to encourage any thing that's ill, but because you have suffer'd in my Cause, there's a Cordial will revive the Heart, and wash out all Stains.

*[Gives him a Purse of Gold.]*

*Col.* For me you have suffer'd too; and I beg you wou'd accept of this.

*[Gives him more.]*

*Fri.* Spite of Vows, in this Necessity there's no refusing such a Favor.

*Cam.* Come, Father, cheer up your self, have recourse to your old Friend *Malaga*, — I'll provide for ye, that you shall go thro' no more Dangers.

*Fri.* By St. *Dominick*, I had not need; for I have almost lost my Life in this.

*Enter a Servant.*

\**Serv.* Sir, the Governor of *Barcelona* is come to wait on ye.

*Can.*

## The Spanish Wives.

Cam. Godsmé — in, Father! you would not see him, I suppose.

Fri. See him! I'd sooner see the Devil! — Well, I'll get a pretty Wench to wash me without, and good store of Malaga within, and try to forget past Sorrows. *Exit.*

*Enter Governor and his Lady, Arm in Arm.*

Gov. My Lord, your Servant.

Cam. Yours in all Obedience.

Gov. (*aside*) — Yonder he stands, — the Ogling Rogue! I thought so. — My Lord Camillus, before I talk to you, pray give me leave for some few words with that Gentleman.

Cam. With all my Heart.

Gov. Sir!

Col. My Lord!

Gov. Nay, on t'other side, if you please, — Now, *Tittup*, speak what you promis'd.

Lady. Colonel *Peregrine*, my Lord has been so good to forgive me what is past; and I desire, for the future, as you are a Gentleman, you would, after this night, never see me more.

Col. Madam, I obey.

Gov. And d'ye hear, — if ye prove a Man of Honour, about Three-score Years hence I may leave ye *Tittup* for a Legacy, and abundance of Wealth, a World of Wealth, by the Honour of Spain. — Nay, 'tis worth staying for.

Col. Three-score years hence, quotha!

Gov. Now, my Lord Camillus, to you and the Lady. (*They go aside.*)

*Hidew.* I wish we had some Musick, — since our Success, I can't keep my Heels on the Ground.

Col. If the Company agree to it, I can procure my Lord Ambassador's, and send for my own.

*Hidew.* I'll motion it presently.

*Elen.* I freely submit, and will retire to what Monastery you appoint. I hope my future Conduct will satisfy the World of my Innocency.

Cam. And mine, of my Faith and Constancy.

Col. What say ye now to Musick and Dancing? *Hidewell* longs.

Cam. With all my Soul, this is a jubilee, which I'll keep whilst I've life.

*Elen.* But are we secure?

Gov. Fear not, Madam; my Guards surround the House, — and am not I here? (*They all sit.*)

*Songs and Dances: Them over, the Company comes forward.*

Cam. Greatness was the Attendant of my Birth;

But Love gives me Heaven upon Earth;

These Comforts my *Elena* does impart:

Joy to my Eyes, sweet Raptures to my Heart.

Gov.

Like you, here stands a happy Man;

And I'll keep my *Tittup*, — that is, if I can.

F I N I S.

